ERB·DOM

LA OF OPAR

50¢

& The FANTASY COLLECTOR

No. 58

CAMILLE CAZEDESSUS JR.
P.O. Box 550,
EVERGREEN, COLORADO. 80439

Kaor! May, 1972

Artist Roy Krenkel really captured the frustration of La of Opar in his illustration for this month's cover. It's another Krenkel classic–ERB-dom is flattered!

Don Frailey located this Writer's Market ERB interview; and Henry Hardy Heins sent us the N. Y. Times review of Tarzan Alive. Henry recently confirmed that he is working on "The Centinnenal Bibliography of E. R. B."

Denver Science Fiction fan and 'professor' Don Thompson gives you some thoughts on Tarzan Alive, Lord Tyger, etc. I have another review of a Tarzan short story in a British SF magazine, full of sex and such, by Phil Farmer; but I just don't think it's the sort of thing I want to have in this magazine.

John Roy changes his mind about Zodanga, and his explanation seems plausible enough. John's magnificent map of Barsoom –embelished with more classic Krenkel art– graces the centerspread of ERB-dom #27, and is based on ERB's own map in his notebook.

And look what Joe Kubert is doing in Tarzan #5. I think DC is really trying to do a good job with the Burroughs material; the whole staff should be congratulated!

It was with some reservations that Hulbert Burroughs submitted his article, "A Slight Case of Fraud"; but I assured him that no one would think ill of ERB for that joke he pulled off some forty-one years ago.

Caz's ERB-dom, No. 58, May 1972 - "The International Edgar Rice Burroughs Hobby Magazine"
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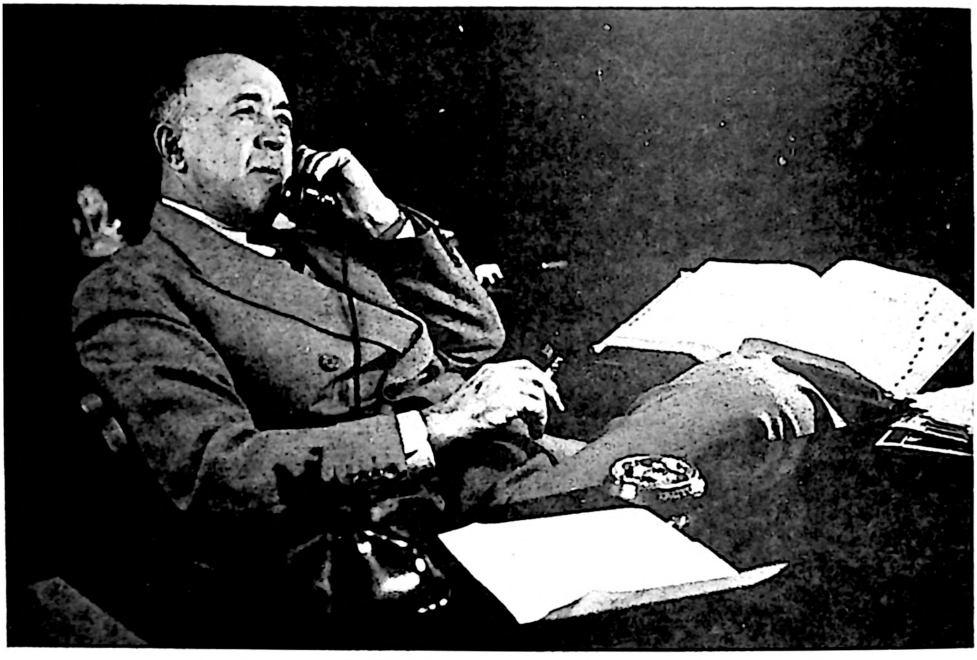


" Romance Isn't Dead "

By OLIVER POOLE

(An Interview with the Author of Tarzan)

TO get to Edgar Rice Burrough's home, you head for the sea. You drive out along Hollywood Boulevard to Sunset and along Sunset toward Beverly Hills. Just before you get to Beverly you come to a stretch of new Georgian-fronted shops and office buildings, with here and there a popular night club . . . a little white village known as "The Strip," not because it's any relation to Sally Rand (the fan dancer) but because it is literally a strip of road bordered by tiny smart shops and the swank new offices of important motion picture agents. I drove past art galleries, interior decorators, modistes, de luxe antiquarians, gay restaurants and gift shops (including Eddie Cantor's). Though it was January by the calendar the weather was as balmy as it is in June . . . it was one of those blue and gold, let's-be-happy days. Everything glittered in the sunlight, especially the white front of the famous "Trocadero" cafe (where the stars dine, and sometimes wine). There I swung about, crossed the boulevard and drove up into the hills through a newly opened section of bare brown land where the brand new Sunset-Plaza Apartments are located. These are the latest thing in the way of apartments . . . really a series of white houses joined together about a huge terrace.

It isn't at all the sort of a place in which you'd expect to find the author of the "Tarzan" books. I don't know exactly what I did expect unless it was a rustic house set in a bit of wild woodland and Mr. Burroughs swinging from the chandelier. Certainly not this spick and span up-to-dateness with nary a woodland in sight . . . only immaculate concrete tennis courts.

And he's a surprise, too . . . the man who created "Tarzan." He's decidedly a cosmopolitan, a gentleman-author (they're rare as hen's teeth in these days of rough-neck writers). He is tall, slim, and as carefully dressed as a picture in *Esquire*. He has a grand sense of humor, a genial manner, and his wife calls him "Ed." He has the most soothing, the most bland, voice I have ever listened to, and it told me interesting things about the writing of books and stories that sell.

"I THINK," he began, "that it is rather necessary these days, as it always has been, to create a lovable, or at least an interesting character around which to weave your story. That is, if you intend to continue writing and keep your public interested. And a main character with serial possibilities is a good idea. Remember, the public is growing more and more serial-minded. The radio is more or less responsible for this desire for serials. It has trained its listeners (who constitute the greater part of the American world) to grow curious about one certain character, or set of characters. Take, for instance, Charlie McCarthy, Amos and Andy, "One Man's Family." The comic strip began it and the

screen (with its early serials and its later Charlie Chan plays) helped.

"I believe, too, that the leading character or characters of a story should have a romantic setting or go through romantic adventures . . . mild or hair-raising ones . . . if you wish to hold your readers. But be the adventures mild or wild they should be romantic."

"But, Mr. Burroughs," I objected, "I thought the new trend was to pooh-pooh romance and go after the unadorned facts of life. I thought romance was supposed to be dead."

"Don't you ever believe it!" Mr. Burroughs answered hurriedly. "Romance *isn't* dead . . . never *was* dead . . . and *never will be dead* as long as man exists! We need it, so we will always demand it! What kind of fiction sells year after year, steadily and with no lessening of the public's interest? Romantic fiction . . . doesn't it?"

I nodded.

"That's why people continue to buy the Tarzan stories, why Tarzan's adventures continue to be popular as picture serials in the daily paper and as screen attractions. What else could it be?"

"Where," I asked curiously, "did you get the idea for Tarzan?" Was he carefully planned or just an accidental thing?"

"Rather accidental. He was just a character that happened to catch the public's fancy; interest in him grew until it astonished me. As a boy I loved the story of Romulus and Remus, who founded Rome, and I loved, too, the boy Mowgli in Kipling's 'Jungle Books.' I suppose Tarzan was the result of those early loves. Perhaps the fact that I lived in Chicago and yet hated cities and crowds of people made me write my first Tarzan story. . . . Tarzan was, in a sense, *my* escape from unpleasant reality. Perhaps that is the reason for his success with modern readers. Maybe he takes them, too, away from humdrum reality.

"Mrs. Burroughs calls me a low-brow. I guess I am, but then so are the most of us, aren't we? Perhaps that is another reason why Tarzan appeals to the mass of people rather than to a select few."

"It's more than that," I retorted. "And I object to the term low-brow applied to you. You are one of the few significant names in American letters today, and despite depressions and rumors of war you continue to sell. Maybe you're right . . . maybe romance *is* the best entertainment."

"WELL, my sales dropped off considerably during the depression, as the sales of most books did, because few people had the price of a book but almost everyone had a radio and the radio offers excellent entertainment. Who knows but what future generations may cease reading books altogether and take for their mental amusement the screen, radio and television? It's a changing world."

I took this without blinking.

"That last remark of yours brings us to the subject of *Writers' Markets and Methods*," I said. "We hope to arouse a wide interest in writers and writing . . . we want to keep the author before the public eye. We want to build him up as a personality and thus awaken an interest in the things he writes. We want to make America author-conscious. We want books to continue . . . not to dwindle away. The writers seem to us to be the Forgotten People of today . . . forgotten as personalities."

Mr. Burroughs considered this carefully.

"You probably won't succeed," he said, "for the writer has become too nebulous a personality today . . . screen and radio stars have taken his place. This is because the stars' faces are kept constantly before the public. My face and the faces of other authors are not kept before the public . . . probably for the very good reason that we, as a rule, are not beautiful to look at. Today it is exteriors and externals that count, not ideas that come out of one's head."

"Just the same," I objected, "we intend to *plug* for the writer, for books, for bigger and better stories and to discover and praise style and fiction characters if they are worth praising. Literature is one of the arts . . . along with music, sculpture, architecture and painting. The arts are said to be the soul of a nation, aren't they? Without them we can have nothing but economic plans and political views. And in order that these arts exist we must create an appreciative circle for them, some group to support them and to maintain a high standard . . . and we are going to do our best toward creating this appreciative circle for the writers."

Mr. Burroughs' eyes danced.

On the wall of the charming sitting room where we were chatting was an astonishingly good painting . . . a gorgeous bit of color.

"My son is the artist," Mr. Burroughs told me proudly. He nodded toward a child's head and a painting of old Mexico on another wall. "He has an exhibition now at Robinson's. He illustrated my last book. I'm *very* proud of him!"

I STUDIED the paintings carefully . . . they held a certain sultry quality in their coloring that cried "Jungle!" It was much more believable to me that Edgar Rice Burrough's son should paint as he does than that Mr. Burroughs should be a thoroughgoing cosmopolite, that he should live far from any wood in an ultra-modern apartment, and that there should be no literary props around . . . just his son's paintings and Mrs. Burroughs' grand piano standing in the sunlight of a great bay-window and bowls of garden flowers everywhere. Somehow I expected that the man who writes of jungle apes, of stone-age men, of life on Mars and Venus would be unconventional. The contrast between the picture in my mind and reality was dramatic, as contrasts always are. Probably that's why I got such a "kick" out of the interview . . . a "kick" which I have tried to pass on to you.

IN THE STRANGEST PLACES

Uncovered by Greg Opella

"If the guardsmen had been startled before, now they were certainly in panic, much as if they had captured one of the terrible white apes from the hills of Barsoom and were unable to let it go."

—Duar the Accursed
short story by
Clifford Ball, in
Weird Tales, May 1937

Tarzan.

PHILIP JOSE FARMER

LORD TYGER et. al.

SOME BOOK REVIEWS AND COMMENTARY

by Don Thompson

Philip Jose Farmer's Tarzan Alive (Doubleday, $5.95) is subtitled "A Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke," with an additional subtitle: "Apologia Pro Vita Tarzani Simiarum." That translates literally to "Apology for the Life of Tarzan of the Apes," but "apologia" in the literary sense means, not apology or even defense, but simply explanation or justification.

The verb "justify" in printer's jargon means to space out the lines of type so that all the columns come out even, and that is the sense in which Farmer attempts to "justify" the life of Tarzan in his book.

All Burroughs scholars and many casual readers of the Tarzan books are aware of a number of bothersome contradictions, inconsistencies and apparent departures from fact.

The problem of Korak's age is a good example. Farmer's essay in ERB-dom #57 on "The Son of Tarzan" is a good example of the technique he uses to make things come out even.

Tarzan's son was born in 1912 (or thereabouts). Yet in 1918 he's flying a plane in World War I. Obviously something's wrong. We can move Tarzan's birthdate back, but Farmer decides that creates even more problems, so he finds an "easier" answer—namely that Jack and Korak are two different individuals.

This sort of thing creates problems, too, but Farmer tackles them with energy and enthusiasm. He works from the premise that ERB's Tarzan was based on a real person and that at least the main framework of the stories is true. But of course ERB was deliberately concealing the true identity of "Lord Greystoke," and so many of the apparent contradictions are brushed aside that way.

But it gets even more complicated. For inescapably "logical" reasons, Farmer finds it necessary to establish relationships between Tarzan and almost every other fictional hero, past and present, that you can imagine. To name just a few: SHERLOCK HOLMES, DOC SAVAGE and MONK MAYFAIR; the SHADOW, the SPIDER, G-8 (those three are all one person); BULLDOG DRUMMOND (his younger brother is Korak), NERO WOLFE, LORD PETER WIMSEY, the SCARLET PIMPERNEL, and on and on.

For some reason James Bond and Modesty Blaise aren't on the family tree, though Shell Scott, Travis McGee and Lew Archer are given serious consideration.

Farmer's audacity, imaginativeness and genealogical ingenuity are delightful and sometimes breathtaking; and he piles on the evidence and the deductions so persuasively that by the time I'd finished Addendum 3 I was prepared to believe almost anything the author suggested.

But there's still a problem.

Tarzan Alive is by no means Philip Jose Farmer's first examination of the Tarzan theme.

Granted that he has done a brilliant job of rationalizing and justifying ERB's Tarzan, the question remaining in my mind is this:

> Who is going to straighten out the seeming contradictions and inconsistencies among Farmer's various versions of the ape man?

Don't look at me. I merely intend to point out some of them.

A Feast Unknown (Essex House 1969) and Lord of the Trees/The Mad Goblin (Ace Double 1970) are, in effect, a sin-

gle novel, in which Farmer tests out some of the devices and motifs developed in Tarzan Alive. For instance there's the effort to persuade the reader that Tarzan and Doc Savage are fictional names of real people, and that their "biographers" were recounting thinly disguised true adventures.

But in these books, Lord Grandrith and Caliban are half brothers; their real father was Jack the Ripper, and they achieved immortality from "The Nine."

In Tarzan Alive they are cousins, and Tarzan got the elixir from a grateful witch doctor, just as ERB said.

The main character in Lord Tyger (Doubldday 1970) is definitely not Tarzan; rather, he's an attempted re-creation of Tarzan.

Boygur, an insane millionaire obsessed with the Tarzan idea, sets up a controlled environment duplicating as nearly as possible the setting described by Burroughs, and literally tries to grow his own Tarzan. The first two attempts are unsuccessful because gorillas simply don't make very satisfactory foster parents. (Farmer gets around that problem in Tarzan Alive by postulating a now extinct race of hominids).

Three infants in succession are kidnapped by Boygur for his experiments, all from the same English noble couple. Ras is the third, and because he is raised by a couple of circus dwarfs posing as apes, he grows to intelligent human maturity—but still not at all as Boygur had planned or as Burroughs had written.

In the end Ras Tyger destroys his creator and faces the challenge of adapting to civilization.

There's one passage in Lord Tyger—it's Boygur's theory—that suggests itself as a possible unifying element, not just for Farmer's Tarzan figures, but for all of Farmer's works—perhaps even for all fiction:

> ...parallel universes, worlds that existed in the same space occupied by this world but at 'right angles' to this world. And in one of these... there was such an Earth as ERB had described... Burroughs knew about it, because he had a psychic key to it, and he had learned the story of Tarzan from The Hero Himself. Sometimes the gates between the worlds opened, and Tarzan, and others, came through and told Burroughs their stories. And Burroughs, to make the stories appeal to Earth people, set the stories on this Earth and this universe. (p.321)

A sizable segment of Farmer's works, including The Maker of Universes, A Private Cosmos and Behind the Walls of Terra, concerns just exactly this concept. The more I think about it, the more I begin to suspect there isn't any real problem, after all.

Multiple universes can compensate for a multitude of inconsistencies.

But then there's Time's Last Gift (Ballantine 1972), Farmer's latest novelistic treatment of Tarzan.

Four scientists—three men and a woman—from the year 2070 go back in time to about 14,000 B. C. Gradually it dawns on three of them that there is something very strange about the other one—John Gribardsun. He casts off his clothes and adapts much too easily to the primitive conditions, for one thing. Also numerous hints indicate that he must be much older than he seems. It turns out, in fact, that he was born in 1872. Long before the end of the book, the reader had drawn his own conclusion that Gribardsun is really Tarzan—but fortunately the impact of the story doesn't depend on that revelation. (There's a real mind blower of a last chapter.)

I read Time's Last Gift before I read Tarzan Alive. The name Gribardsun meant nothing but didn't bother me, since it seem logical that the immortal Tarzan would have to change his name every generation or so. And the date of birth bothered me even less, assuming as I did that Farmer was going along with Peter Ogden's estimate, which was arrived at to explain the problem of Korak's age.

Then I read Tarzan Alive and learned that one of Tarzan's ancestors bore the name Graegbeardssunu—close enough to Gribardsun to satisfy me on that point. But I also learned that Farmer totally and flatly rejects 1872 as the date of Tarzan's birth. He was born in 1888, and that's that!

So why was Gribardsun in Time's Last Gift born in 1872? Personally, I would prefer an explanation that involves only one universe.

Books of The Times

Superbly Tedious Irrelevance

By CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT

TARZAN ALIVE. A Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke. Apologia Pro Vita Tarzani Similarum. By Philip José Farmer. 312 pages. Doubleday. $5.95.

Who in fact was the real John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, better known as Tarzan of the Apes? Was he perchance related to James Joyce's Leopold Bloom? Did he love his "ape" mother, Kala, and was their relationship a healthy one? Was his conflict with Kerchak, king of the "great apes," Oedipal in character, and did it leave Tarzan emotionally scarred? What of his loincloth—did he wear one or no? If not, what effect did his nakedness have on his "simian" family? What lay behind his frequent bouts of amnesia? And what was the ultimate fate of Queen La and her hidden kingdom of Opar, from which Tarzan drew his vast fortune? Such questions as these have been plaguing practically nobody at all for many years now. So Philip José Farmer's attempt to answer them in "Tarzan Alive: A Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke" must be accounted a monument to irrelevance so perverse that it is actually fun in a narcotic sort of way. Rarely has so much been written so obscurely about so little, and one can only conclude after surviving his book's dragging tedium that Mr. Farmer, hitherto known as a humdrum toiler in the fields of science fiction, is really some kind of genius of Dada.

Seeking Clues in Burke's Peerage

Evidently, Mr. Farmer long ago became so enchanted with the absurd idea of a real-life Tarzan's existence that he set about to establish the ape-man's true identity at whatever the cost to scholarship. He spent four years "tracing lineages through the several thousand pages of tiny closely set print of Burke's *Peerage* and correlating [my] finds with historical phenomena and the Tarzan books by [Edgar Rice] Burroughs and various works by [Arthur Conan] Doyle and many other writers of fiction or fact. . . ." With pluck and luck he hit on a possibility, received a trans-Atlantic call in response to his inquiry, and flew to Africa for a 15-minute interview, to be granted in return for his protecting the secret.

"Unfortunately, I spent about five minutes of the interview, though not all at one time, in just looking at him. He was the most beautiful, but at the same time undeniably masculine, man that I've ever seen. This was so despite the scars on his forehead and neck of which Burroughs speaks and many more on his face and hands that Burroughs does not mention. I was silenced by the exceedingly charismatic force which he radiated even when he was quiet. Perhaps tigerish would be a better term. Something burns brightly inside him." And to think that Tarzan was 80 years old at the time, although let us not forget that he had long since discovered the secret of eternal youth.

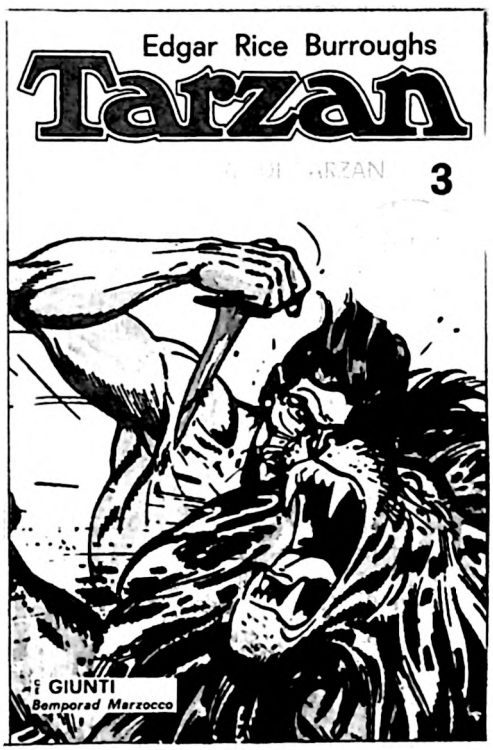
What Mr. Farmer has made of his amazing discovery is staggering in its lack of implications. In "Tarzan Alive" he summarizes all 24 volumes of Burroughs's Tarzan stories (carefully expunging any traces of drama that may remain after all these years), and shows how Tarzan's biographer exaggerated and fictionalized in order to protect his subject's privacy. He clears up the less than compelling question of how apes could have raised a human being by arguing that Tarzan's family was actually "a band of language-using pithecanthropoids," whose genitals, incidentally, were equal in size to Tarzan's, so that the fact that he rarely wore a loincloth provoked no invidious comparisons—as if we were worried about that.

On even less vexing questions, Mr. Farmer is mind-numbing. He takes pains to demonstrate how Tarzan could have learned to read Burke's Peerage without the aid of other humans. He argues that Tarzan's unusual childhood left no psychic scars, that "there was no neurotic guilt tainting his passion for Kala," and that "his decision not to eat Kulanga [Kala's murderer] was culturally based." He explains why Tarzan's mythic status is equal to that of "Oedipus, Theseus, Moses, King Sargon of Argade, King Chandragupta, Pope Gregory the Great, the Abraham of Hebrew legend, Romulus and Remus, Telephus, Zeus, and many others." And he proves beyond the shadow of anyone's concern, with the aid of a stupefyingly complex genealogical analysis, that Tarzan was related to the Scarlet Pimpernel, Sherlock Holmes, Bulldog Drummond, the Shadow, Nero Wolfe, and, yes, Leopold Bloom.

Could Tarzan Outhit Swoboda?

One might fault Mr. Farmer on a number of minor points. For instance, he compares Tarzan's athletic skills to those of Jim Thorpe, but fails altogether to consider Ron Swoboda. He cites the possibility that W. C. Fields performed his famous juggling act for Tarzan while on a world tour in 1906 or 1907, but gives no consideration whatever to whether Tarzan knew Hemingway, Robert Ruark, Dr. Dolittle or Mr. Kurtz. And his comparison of Burroughs's skills as a satirist to those of Jonathan Swift seems to me to cast his subject into the common herd.

But why fight it? According to A. Alvarez's "The Savage God," Jacques Vaché, an early Dadaist, spent a good hour a day arranging photographs, saucers and violets on a little lace-top table within reach of his bed. Had Mr. Farmer's book been available at the time, Vaché could have made as eloquent a statement against meaning by reading from these pages. To those without esthetic pretensions, it can be recommended as a sleeping pill to be taken 30 seconds before dropping off. "Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world" perhaps, but the next best thing, by gosh, is what Mr. Farmer has created. The question is, did he mean to? Or is it simply that he has taken a marvelous idea and beaten it witless?



COVER DESIGNS FOR NEW ITALIAN E. R. BURROUGHS BOOKS
(Published in 1971 by Bemporad Marzocco, Florence, Italy.)

TWO
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CURTIS

DANGAS
BARSOOM

by John F. Roy, ROYal Chronicler

One of the major problems which arises when mapping Barsoom is the location of Zodanga, capital city of the nation of Zodanga. In A PRINCESS OF MARS we are told it lies roughly 1000 miles north-east of the twin cities of Helium. However several years later, in SWORDS OF MARS, we learn it is situated 1900 miles east of Helium, but ERB fails to explain this most peculiar feature.

For years Burroughs fans have been trying to reconcile these seemingly contradictory statements. Henry Heins, in his article in the DREAM WEAVER, drew this to ERB's attention and asked for clarification but without success. Dave Van Arnam discusses it in his excellent article "The Martian Odyssey of ERB" in THE READERS' GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR (1965), and comes up with what I believe to be basicly the correct solution. He points out that, in PRINCESS, Zodanga was razed to the ground by the Green hordes, and he goes on to suggest that the city referred to some decades later is a new Zodanga on a new site—some 1000 miles further east and a bit south.

At first I had disagreed with Dave's theory of two sites (see my article "A Royal Map of Barsoom," ERB-dom #27, Aug. 1969) wherein I say there was only one site for Zodanga, pointing out remarks like "a very old building that---" and "a gloomy section of the old town", which will be found in SWORDS. I now feel that John Carter himself may been at fault. He had known the OLD Zodanga only a few months before he and his allies utterly destroyed it. Although he had only visited it a few times (SWORDS) he has known the NEW city for many years.

This Zodanga would be what was formerly a thriving city the name of which we are not aware. It could not have been a newly built metropolis because in SWORDS Carter speaks of the old part and the new part, of old buildings that had withstood the ravages of the Tharks, and so on.

In telling his story to Burroughs in the cabin on the banks of the Little Colorado Carter completely overlooked the fact that there had been two Zodangas / OR / Burroughs, fascinated by the overall story, failed to notice the change of sites and in drafting his narrative wrote as though they were one and the same. You may recall this story was told on the spur of the moment and without documentation.

I suggest that after the fall of Zodanga and the defeat of the Zodangan troops before Helium, a provisional headquarters was set up in this unnamed city, at which point meetings were held between the Heliumite conquerors and the defeated Zodangan leaders. It would be here that John Carter was offered the position of Jed of the nation of Zodanga, an offer which he declined. Following this the post was given to Zat Arras (Chap. XVI, GODS), who subsequently decided to build his palace and set up his government in this city rather than attempt to rebuild the former capital. Once this decision was made the new capital would be renamed Zodanga, as it is the practise of the red nations of Barsoom to use the same name for both the nation and its capital city.

Thus we have the Zodanga of PRINCESS and the Zodanga of SWORDS - two distinct capitals of the nation, each in its own time.

What about the reference to "a very old building that had escaped the ravages of the Tharks" someone might ask. I suggest that one of the lesser tribes of Green men, after looting Zodanga, decided to return home rather than go on to Helium. On their way they passed this unnamed city, and being aware of the absence of troops, attacked it. However the citizens rallied to its defence and after severe losses and much damage, drove off the savage horde.

I might also add that on his own map of Barsom, Burroughs has two Zodangas - one north-east of Helium and another due east of the twin cities and further from them.

TARZAN®

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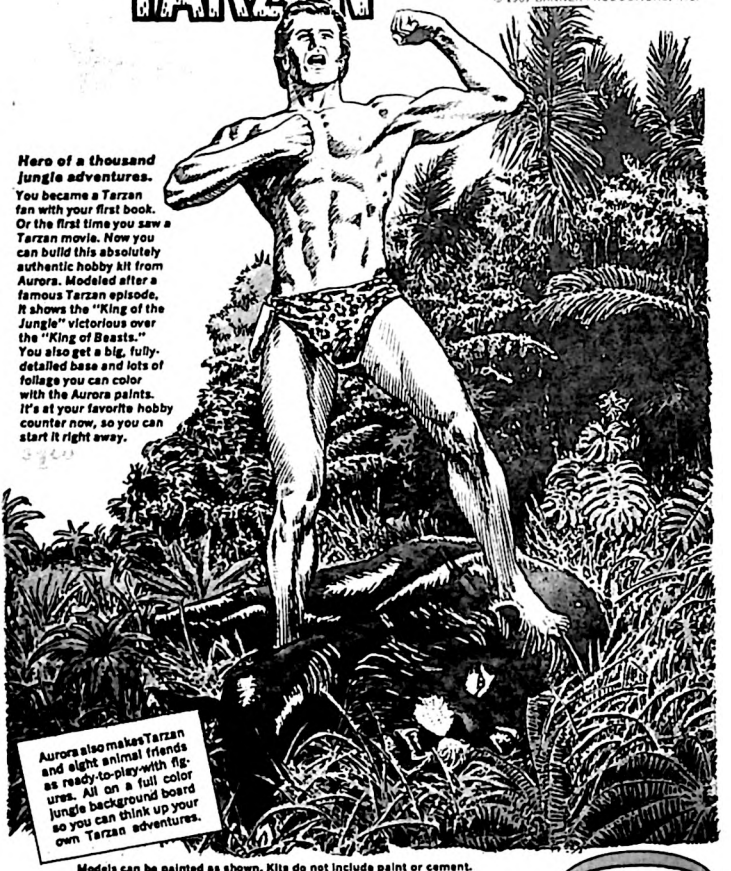

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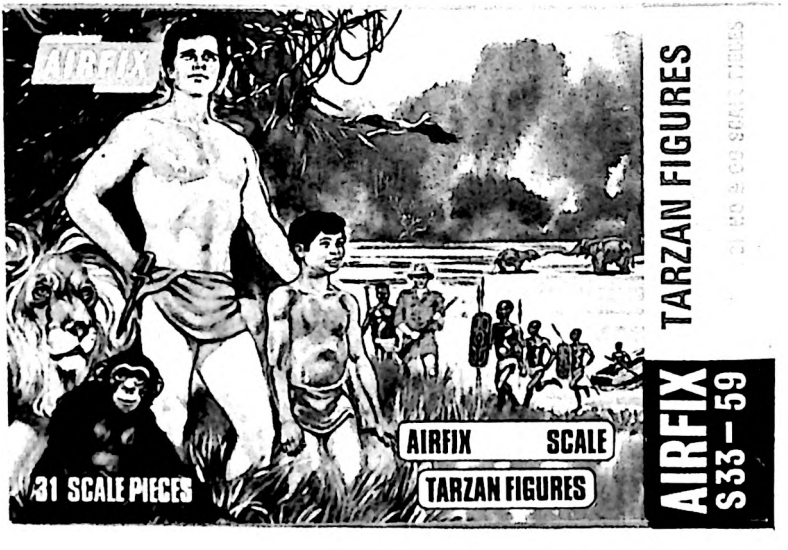

HOUSE OF INFO

by Caz

← Still available in hobby shops: 9" high plastic model of Tarzan from Aurora, $1 and 31 HO scale "Tarzan Figures" from Airfix for 59¢. Kid stuff, but interesting.

LAST OF GOLD KEY TARZAN/KORAK

Tarzan #206, Feb. 1972. "Tarzan and the Lion Man", art by Paul Norris. DC's first issue is numbered #207, Apr. 1972. Korak #45, Jan. 1972. "Fury of the Leopard", art by Dan Spiegle. DC's first issue is numbered #46, May-June. 1972 March of Comics Tarzan #366, (code dated Feb. 1972). "Tarzan and the Lion's Rage", art by Dan Spiegle. A complete checklist of these little comics is in the 34th issue of ERB-dom.

"WEIRD WORLDS" IS DC'S 3RD COMIC

John Carter and Pellucidar will move from Tarzan and Korak resp. into their own title Edgar Rice Burroughs' Weird Worlds. Much of A PRINCESS OF MARS is being skipped to pick up the action in GODS. Denny O'Neil is the editor of Weird Worlds, a bi-monthly.

Joe Kubert takes over the editorship of Korak with #4; and will do "The Capture of Tarzan" from JUNGLE TALES in Tarzan #6. Beyond the Farthest Star will be introduced in a Tarzan issue, but there will be many changes in the story.

RUSS MANNING TARZAN DIGEST SOON

National Periodicals, excercising their rights to all Tarzan comics, will publish a Tarzan Digest that will contain the "first three stories" of the Russ Manning Sunday Tarzan strip that began on Jan. 14, 1968. It will be in full color, new format and only 3 or 4 panels had to be dropped. OPAR PRESS had hopes of doing a hardcover volume of Russ' color Sunday pages, but now, who knows.

TARZAN ARTICLE IN WOMAN'S MAG.

"Me Jane... You Tarzan" by Arthur Prager is a 3 page article in the May, 1972 issue of Cosmopolitan, 75¢. It's all about the Jungle Lord's sex life, or lack of it; and the omission of Nemone is startling!

Monster Times #5, Mar. 29, 1972 has a Joe Kubert interview with a photo.

Mattel has a "Tarzan Jungle Game"; for ages 6-12; 38 playing cards, etc. with Russ Manning art; it costs about 99¢. →

"NAME-WORD FINDER, With Dictionary, Mythology, and Literature," no date, Rodale Press, Emmaus, PA, p.820. Here's what it says:

TARZAN

Tarzan, childhood favorite of adventurous American youth, is the hero of a comic strip and movies based on a series of novels by Edgar Rice Burroughs, including Tarzan of the Apes (1914) and Tarzan Returns (1915). A white child abandoned in African jungles through the disaster of his parents, he was reared by an ape and became a tree-swinging, wild phenomenon of the forests, the uncivilized though strong and handsome object of search for a party of British explorers. Taken back to England to learn culture and love, he still yearned for the primitive simplicity of his former haunts and eventually returned to his back-to-nature ways.

"with Tarzanian grace and power..."

My question: How many errors or misleading phrases can you find? Best answer gets a one year sub extension of his subscription to ERB-dom/FC. -Caz

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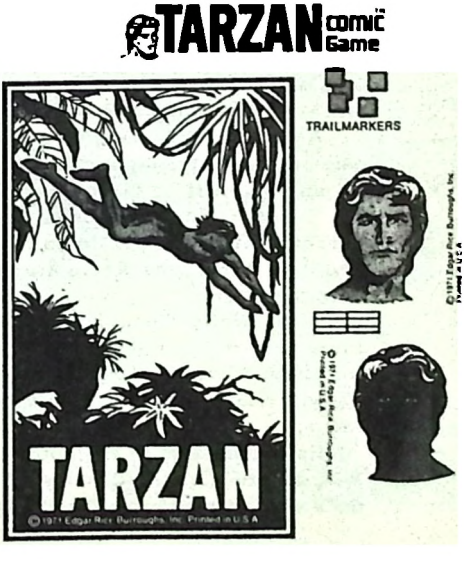
"Burroughs, E. R." in 2 Dictionaries

The American Heritage Dictionary:
"...1875-1950. American writer; creator of Tarzan."
Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dic.:
"...1875-1950 Am. writer"



"KORAK"
by DC/
New Jersey
artist
Frank Thorne

Joe Kubert's New Tarzan Comic

by Phil Currie

Kubert feels that Tarzan is a "real plum," and he wants to do the job right. His style has been purposely influenced by the original Hal Foster and Burne Hogarth material. The first four issues are an adaptation of TARZAN OF THE APES.

As Foster did, Kubert will adapt APES by following the book, deleting the extraneous material to simplify the plot. Whether or not Jane will be in the later issues has not yet been decided.

Kubert is in the process of reading all of the works of ERB currently in print. At times he finds this a little tedious. In his opinion, Burroughs wrote simply enough, but tended to complicate the plots.

Mrs. Wally Wood does all of the colouring in the Tarzan comic. Kubert feels she is doing a superb job. She has been able to differentiate the apes by using different shades of greys and brown. She has even differentiated the negroes by the same technique.

His enthusiasm in the comic is second only to that of the fans. With any luck, DC will do what Gold Key had failed to do—produce a quality product that sells well.

Tarzan of the Apes #5 will be a reprint issue. We used a Burne Hogarth Sunday story & re-adapted it to the comic. Characters were dropped, changed, the story altered greatly, with new sequences slipped in. Artist Joe Kubert redid or added to many of the panels.

—Marv Wolfman

(a portion of page 4)

THE APE-KING'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM IS BORNE SWIFTLY ALONG THE SURGING RAPIDS... OVER A SERIES OF ROCKY WATERFALLS... TOSSED LIKE A LEAF IN A STORM!

A BOY AND GIRL FACE THE CHALLENGE OF THE WORLD'S LAST FRONTIER.

Walkabout

20th Century-Fox presents A MAX L. RAAB-SI LITVINOFF PRODUCTION **WALKABOUT**

starring JENNY AGUTTER • LUCIEN JOHN • DAVID GUMPILIL

executive producer MAX L. RAAB produced by SI LITVINOFF directed and photographed by NICOLAS ROEG

screenplay by EDWARD BOND based on the novel by JAMES VANCE MARSHALL

music by JOHN BARRY COLOR BY DE LUXE®

GP

WALKABOUT — INSPIRATION FOR A TARZAN FILM!

by Caz

Have you seen WALKABOUT? It is a superior story, beautifully photographed and a sensual delight. It's proof that the real Tarzan is filmable!!!

Says Rex Reed in a Holiday review: "In WALKABOUT, a man driven mad by the stifling pressures of urbanized society drives his two children into the primitive desert outback of Central Australia where he commits a sudden, grotesque suicide. Stranded in the wilderness without food, water or weapons for self-defense, the children are on the verge of death when they are discovered by an aborigine who saves them and teaches them a strange way of life unrelated to their own.

In their mutual attachment to and distrust of each other, the children—from two separate and foreign cultures—learn a way of peaceful coexistence so strong that by the end of the journey, when the native boy finds a road that will take his new friends back to civilization, they must choose between freedom of nature and the chaos of society.

Understandably, the girl settles for her memories of clean sheets, phonograph records, hot baths, and a proper meal eaten with a knife and fork. The aborigine, who can't understand how anyone could fail to see the beauty and simplicity of his wilderness, dies of a broken heart.

Years later, the girl—married to a dull man, living in a high-rise apartment, surrounded by the routines of an uninspired life and the sounds of annoying electrical appliances—stands in her kitchen slicing vegetables, and a flash of consciousness sweeps across her mind. Back to that idyllic setting, with the black boy, her little brother, and herself diving naked into a shimmering lagoon. It is too late. The same dreary housewife her mother was before her, she has already become part of the cycle of respectability without surprise that her father died to get away from, but she remembers how it might have been."

Doesn't that remind you of a slightly revised Tarzan of the Apes? If Tarzan had not found d'Arnot, learned the ways of civilization, and followed Jane to Wisconsin, might he not have died of a broken heart in his beautiful African wilderness?

Now I certainly do NOT mean to infer that author James Vance Marshall (author of WALKABOUT, which was originally titled THE CHILDREN and was first published in England in 1959) stole the idea for his book from Tarzan. In fact, in the book—and I read the 1971 revised edition, not the original edition—the aborigine dies long before the children reach the road, and there is no romantic involvement.

From the standpoint of a Burroughs fan, the movie is better than the book! And therefore, Edward Bond who wrote the screenplay and Nicolas Roeg, who directed and photographed the film, are to be credited with the improvement of an already excellent story.

Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. has just turned down another silly Tarzan script by MGM. Why not give Edward Bond and Nicolas Roeg a chance? I think these two have proved they can handle the job!

However, let me say that even if Bob Hodes doesn't contact Bond & Roeg to try a Tarzan film, WALKABOUT is indeed not only a very superior story that will appeal to all fans of the primitive outdoors; it is a beautiful film of haunting artistry, filmed with insight and subtelty, as Rex Reed says.

"Supporting the visual charm with unusual sound effects make for an astonishingly original and imaginative movie experience. Sounds of birds and wild animals are mixed with wavelengths, airplane motors overhead, and an occasional choral cantata from Stockhausen's "Hymnen." Primitive visual locales are contrasted aurally with an interesting use of a battery-operated portable radio featuring ironic programming—such as a refined lady advising when to use fish forks and other nice points of Amy Vanderbilt etiquette while the children are killing wild beasts for food."

Rex Reed concludes, "Nicolas Roeg has made a film of startling impact and profound wisdom that can be appreciated by people of all ages. In all respects, WALKABOUT is a masterful accomplishment, and I recommend it highly."

Yes, ERB-dom readers, see it!!!

Your tireless editor has asked me for some filler material to occupy some blank spaces in ERB-dom. He suggested that perhaps I might have some interesting anecdote to tell about my father. Hence I offer the following earthshaking revelation for the history books.

A hint of ERB's delightful sense of humor surfaces in some of his novels. But in private life it was far more evident. An interesting and hitherto untold example of his fun-side appeared in The Literary Digest for November 30, 1929, in an article entitled HOW TARZAN KEPT THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR. The magazine editor had asked ERB for some photographs of a biographical nature to illustrate the article.

ERB had never taken himself or his work too seriously, so he decided to have some fun with this project. Always inventive and imaginative, he conspired with his son, John Coleman, who resembled his father, to "create" the required photographs. Needed were shots of him as a cowboy in Idaho, a member of the 7th U.S. Cavalry in Arizona Territory and as a railroad cop in Salt Lake City.

In the back pasture of his Tarzana Ranch were the remains of the motion picture set for the movie RIO RITA, starring John Boles. ERB had rented his land to the studio with the understanding that the set be left intact so that he could lease the facilities to other interested studios. I believe ERB and my brother were the only ones (except vandals) to use the set again when they "produced" the pictures for the L. D. article.

From the Western Costume Company in Hollywood he rented a police uniform and some of the other equipment needed. The cavalry horse was ERB's favorite 'Colonel'. The cowpony was an old gelding named 'Joe' which Jack and I used to ride. Joe was a gentle animal and a pacer. However, he had the disconcerting habit of seeming to fall asleep and stumble to his knees on unpredictable occasions.

After the film was developed, ERB carefully 'aged' the negatives with a few scratches and soaked off the emulsion at the corners in hot water. Jack tells me that one negative was even dropped on the floor and stepped on.

In the Literary Digest article, Jack, at age 16 appears as ERB with false mustache as a 7th Cavalry man and as a cowboy in Idaho. ERB with the same false mustache as the age of 54, posed as the Salt Lake City railroad policeman. The nightstick he holds is one he actually used and is still in our collection.

To what extent this photo fraud contributed to the eventual demise of The Literary Digest probably will never be known, but I hope no one will think ill of my dad. It was all done in fun. To him it was a lark. And perhaps it offers an insight into his own opinion of himself—the literary unimportance of Edgar Rice Burroughs

–Hulbert Burroughs Tarzana, May 1, 1972

A Slight Case of Fraud

Revealed by Hulbert Burroughs

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE WERE TAKEN IN 1929.

(top) ERB posing as the railroad policeman.

(bottom) John Coleman Burroughs posing as his dad.

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS